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## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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WHOLE NUMBER 473.

## LESSONS IN TELEGRAPHY.

A—	A dot and dash is A.
B—	A dash and three dots, B.
C—	Two dots, a space, and dot C.
D—	A dash and two dots, D.
E—	One single dot is E.
F—	For F, a dot, dash, dot.
G—	Two dashes and a dot for G.
H—	Hi four dots you allit.
I—	Two dots will stand for I.
J—	A dash, dash, dash, J.
K—	For K, a dash, dot, dash, you try.
L—	A long dash L, away.
M—	Two dashes M demands.
N—	A dash and dot N.
O—	A dot and space, and dot O.
P—	Five dots for P, ten dots.
Q—	Two dots, dash, dot, Q.
R—	A dot, space, two dots R.
S—	Three dots, a space, will always do.
T—	One dot is T, thus far.
U—	Two dots, a dash, for U.
V—	Three dots, a dash, for V.
W—	Dot, two dashes, W.
X—	Dot, dash, two dots, X see:
Y—	Two dots, space, two dots Y.
Z—	Three dots, space, dot, are Z.
—	A dot, space, three dots, & done.
Period—	A period is U.

## How to Cure a Cold.

A medical journal tells how one man was cured of a cold. "He boiled a little wormwood and hoarhound together and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arm and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard plaster instead. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aptt arrived about the same time with a bundle of sweet fern, which she made into tea and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, in High street, gave him two pills of her own make, about the size of a walnut and of similar shape, and two teaspoonsfuls of home made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea captain visiting in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of his neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burned on a shovel in his room. He is now cured and full of gratitude. —[Washington Republican.]

HAD WHITENED BY DISAPPOINTED LOVE.—A young lady whose womanly qualities had made her the mark of much attention from gentlemen, to one of whom she had plighted her troth, had her hair turn from glossy brown to white. This evidence of poignant grief was caused by the base action of her lover. He is a young man moving in Little Rock's highest social circles a short time since, but now married and residing in another part of the Union. She did not suspect that he had been unworthy of confidence. One evening last week she picked up a paper from the city in which her lover was visiting, and one of the first things that struck her eye was the description of a brilliant wedding in a fashionable church. She saw her lover's name figuring as that of the bridegroom. During the whole night she lay in a stupor. The next morning one side of her head was white as snow, and so it remains.—[Little Rock Gazette.]

TURNIP GREENS.—The mother a she fondly presses her darling babe to her bosom and looks down through its laughing eyes into the little heaven within, the lovers who go through their semi weekly slobbering and rib-squeezing may think they are sipping nectar while they are wallowing on violet beds in Elysian fields, but if you want to taste the champagne of ecstasy and tumble your burdens of sorrow into the inevitable horse-pond of oblivion, buy you a ripe May-apple-colored jole and a packed bucket of turnip greens, and go straight to temporal glory without falling along the roadside with the unsatisfying things of this poor world.—[Glasgow Times.]

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS.—Make warm suds and put your curtains in it in the evening. Let them soak till morning, then squeeze them with your hands; use no washboard; be careful not to rub them; don't wring them, but squeeze them out; then put boiling water over them and let them stand an hour or two; if they don't look clear soak in suds and "squash" again; blue and make starch pretty stiff; take three thicknesses of sheets and pin them on the carpet straight with the seam, the curtains at the same pin across the ends, then the sides; pin every four inches. When dry they will be ready to put up. Do not iron.

must see to the proper care of their model boundary line; if not, the law takes hold, and justice is meted out quicker than mandates are usually complied with in our own country.

And again, you seldom find large plots of ground belonging to a single person; the strips are generally narrow and short in length—perhaps an acre or so in area, if indeed that much. Each strip is planted with something different. The yellow flowers of the indigenous oil plant, interspersed amongst all imaginary shades of green, makes one feel as cheerful as the comparisons are marked, and as happy as the lark that makes its nest in these bright fields.

A hard day's work has been completed, the sturdy yeoman is satisfied with a plain meal, if his beer (his darling beverage) is not forgotten. Is the evening pleasant, then 'tis not long until the youth of both sexes have congregated in the village hall to "trip the light fantastic toe"—unluckily encased in heavy boots or wooden shoes! Their little love affairs are carried on or out just as elsewhere, perhaps more artlessly, for they are but human in their ways. The architecture of these small places has little of interest to commend them to the student. The houses are generally framed very securely, covered with shingles and smoothly daubed. Large gables overhang the front and back; the tiles are kept bright red, and the house itself painted in light color, pink, blue or yellow, with fantastic stripes and lines running in panels. Modern improvements are of course mysteries to these places, the buildings need little or no repair, many having stood the storm of ages for several centuries.

In Bavaria and a few other parts of South Germany, where the majority of the people profess Catholicism, the more prominent buildings are adorned with little statues of the Virgin, Jesus and the Disciples, kept in niches built in the walls. These are generally well painted and clean as well as the mottoes that are engraved in the stones. On all the roads leading into such villages, there are little Gothic monuments, with a niche large enough for a Holy Picture or statue, inside a wire netting protects it from ruthless hands, but an aperture large enough to drop in an offering. "Festspenning," it is called, is left in the netting. The people are going to or from their work generally stop at these little shrines, say a prayer and drop a pfennig or a centime into the niche—equal to about one-fourth respectively one-fifth of a cent. And so they pass their lives living—as they often are—like one large family, with their little strife and quarrels, and their pleasant hours between. The daily routine necessitated through the change of the seasons, is gone over again and again, and generation after generation is born, matures and dies in the same places, and with the same frugal habits and modest ambitions, pass away their unpretending existence. Thus might it have remained forever had not the foreunner of activity, of life and prosperity been ushered into their proximity. The railroad, the newspaper and the telegraph unearthened little by little these Elysiums of the (comparatively) truly contented, to open their eyes to higher and better aims, and stir their slumbering souls for their rights as men, for freedom of thought, belief and speech—changing in an instant their channel of life, their tenor of action, making these simple men the terror of tyranny and usurpation—the revenging Neanderites for crimes untold. Whilst these people are averse to such murderous actions as have been carried out by their Russian neighbors, still the Revolution of '48 has shown that, though surmising as they appear to be, they bear in them a noble trait that through many ages latent has shown itself at last living and active, and it is the desire for self-adjustment of administrative affairs. The rights they have, have been dearly bought by human blood from the government under which they live; and the rights they have are their own—their scars will show for that! New and stringent measures will undoubtedly be adopted throughout the German Empire, which will necessitate many families to grasp the wanderer's staff; then America, the land of freedom and equality, will be their bright goal, and good and thrifty citizens will they make indeed.

V. H. K.

A traveler of the most familiar type to a seedy old gentleman in a railroad car: "But why, sir, do you not answer me when I address you?" "And you, sir, why do you address me when I do not speak to you?" (No more conversation.)

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good till he is taken from each man's hand, and both

The Runaway Slave in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Tells How the Novelist Obtained the Famous Story.

For the *Interior Journal*:—"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! 'tis yonder bridge, That with its weariness but needful length, Restivles the wintry flood; 'tis which the moon Sees her un wrinkled face reflected bright;— He comes, the herald of a noisy world, With spattered boots, strapp'd waist and frock locks, News all nations lumbering at his back."

Had Cooper lived to the present day he would hardly have found his beautiful old adapted to an age like ours, so far in advance in the arts and sciences over "ye good old times" of generations past and buried. But still some few relics have remained into the present day, far out of reach of the rapid strides of progress, away from Mercury's unfiring hosts, preserved individually in the preservation of the whole, and there still flourish in a few small villages in the southern part of Germany, quaint and quiet, appearing now just as they were a hundred or more years ago. It is here that the pompous *burgomaster* and village oracle reign supreme—their word is law and their opinion likewise decision for the thick-headed *bauers* of the *dorf*, for whom strangers are curiosities and news a scarce commodity indeed. It is here that the post-boy is still envied by the young men and admired by the buxom damsels. He is an important personage who has been outside of the village district, where, as the saying goes, "the world is nailed up with boards," and what is beyond exists only in the minds of men and in the realms of the genii. The exactitude of Government in these small places could serve as an ideal for any country—for ours especially. The strictest honesty and conscientiousness exists in every department, though these are few and insignificant, yet their local importance is keenly felt. The streets are still illuminated by those quaint old lanterns strung across them, high overhead, like the sword of Damocles, threatening destruction to loping pedestrianism below. But come, we'll take a stroll through the principal—and often the only—street of these little places. 'Twere best we'd pass in vision, for then our persons would not attract the general attention; but then we would not be aware of the civility and hospitality which seems to have formed the second nature of our good hearted Teutons. It is morning, and early at that; no lagging here.

"Whilst yet that graylight morning sun What we just set out to run, Enlightens all the place."

The first rays have hardly pierced the little windows—the people must have anxiously awaited the coming of day—when all is astir and now we commence to notice the activity in the various households. The breakfast is frugal, indeed exceedingly so compared to our sumptuous morning meals, nor notwithstanding the coming arduous labors, but a cup of coffee and a piece of bread or a cold roll is all that constitutes the breakfast. Such meals, however, appear customary throughout the country, even with the better situated classes, they, too, break their fast in this same simple manner.

All that can be spared now from the house warden to the fields heavily laden with farming utensils, many of which are exceedingly primitive. There is nothing that a *bauer* takes to harder than improvements. He would rather plow with a piece of oak tipped with iron than see an improved machine work up his ground in a short space of time. He verily wants to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and he succeeds most admirably. I have often seen them going home—the day's work finally done—the plow reversed and laid upon a forked limb, all astride that can find place, and the whole dragged by a single horse—assuredly a strange mode of locomotion. The male members of the family do not always turn the clod alone, for the fairer and gentler sex, here somewhat sturdier and less delicate, lend a helping hand and work with the vim of determined women.

To visit a south German field would be to suppose yourself transported to a seedy old gentleman in a railroad car: "But why, sir, do you not answer me when I address you?" "And you, sir, why do you address me when I do not speak to you?" (No more conversation.)

A traveler of the most familiar type to a seedy old gentleman in a railroad car: "But why, sir, do you not answer me when I address you?" "And you, sir, why do you address me when I do not speak to you?" (No more conversation.)

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A Hint to Embossers.

They were talking it over in a restaurant. Said the first:

"So you have come down to make a settlement and try for a new start?"

"Yes."

"How bad was the failure?"

"Well, I think I can pay forty cents on the dollar, but perhaps not more than thirty-five."

"It was all owing to your partner, you said."

"Yes, he raised money on our company note, and said."

"That was bad. He must have been a thorough rascal. Have you made any effort to overhaul him?"

"No."

"But you will?"

"No."

"Are as that going to permit such a rascal as that to roam the country unpunished?"

"I think I shall. He has almost ruined me in a business sense, and yet I can't help but feel grateful to him. When he slid he took my wife with him."

The other looked at him for half a minute, nodded his head, and began on his steak without a word and with a look of dumb suffering in his eyes. He had no partner, poor man!—[Cincinnati Gazette.]

Mr. Clark says that Mrs. Stowe did not reproduce in her book any one character entire from his story, but with the permissible freedom of the novelist, grouped the traits and characteristics of several people whom he had told her into one person. Thus while the cruel Simon Legree did not exist in real life just as he was pictured, there were several hard-hearted slave owners of whom he told her who did everything that Legree does in the novel. The men who together furnished the material for this character were "Devil" Adams, of Rockcastle county, Ky.; Tom Kennedy and John Gill and William and Archie Woods, of Garrard county.

The sad adventures of Uncle Tom were experienced by three slaves—an aged negro Tom, owned by J. Banton, of Kentucky; Rev. Josiah Henson, a well-known colored preacher, and Sam Peter, a slave who was actually whipped to death. Of the fate of Peter Mr. Clarke claims to have positive knowledge and proof. For the kind master, St. Clair, Mrs. Stowe was indebted to stories of Mr. Caldwell Campbell, James Spillman, James H. Letcher, Joseph Letcher, Nixon Palmer and William Beard, all native-born Kentuckians, except the latter, who was an Irishman—"the best Irishman," said Mr. Clarke, "I ever knew." Children will be glad to learn that one of the two little girls whose kind hearts and angelic natures made little Eva possible still lives. She is now the Widow Logan, of Stanford, Ky. She was Mary Ann Banton. The other little Eva, long since dead, was Annie Campbell, sister of Caldwell Campbell.

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Said Mr. Clarke: "There was a Topsy on every plantation in the South; there was no dearth of material for such a character." One Topsy, of whom he talked to Mrs. Stowe, was a house servant in the family where he was owned. Her mistress was in the habit of bumping the girl's head against the stone door jamb for minor offenses, and the bruised result affected her health, and she finally died from their effects. —[Cincinnati Courier.]

CHEERFUL IN THE MIDST OF MISFORTUNE.—During the Mardi Gras celebration Mose Schomburg, upon returning to his store on Galveston avenue from dinner, found his clerk very much excited. The clerk said that a stranger came in, and after asking and paying the price of a cravat, which was \$1, picked up the entire box, containing a dozen, and ran off with them. "Did he pay you for the cravat?" asked Mose. "Yes," responded the clerk. "Well, den, we makes, anyhow, fifty per cent, profit out of them," said the stranger.

Smokers who carry the cigar at considerable elevation are generally asse. If the habit is accompanied by a white cassimere hat, worn on the right side of the head, they are rowdies as well as asses. Beware of the man who "walks" his cigar, rolling it loosely from one side of the mouth to the other, and chewing the end. He is apt to be loose in his morals and indifferent about payment of his bills. —[Burdette.]

A glass dress is being made for Fannie Davenport in Pittsburgh. It will have a long train of woven glass and be elaborately trimmed with glass lace. To make the texture, the glass is first spun into fine threads and then quilted.

If you desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold your tongue.

The Verb Mahone.

[From Webster's Unabridged, Edition of 1882.] MA-HONE, v. t. [imp. & p. p. MAHONED; p. pr. & vb. n. MAHONING.] [Supersedes the obsolete word *betray*.]

1. To deliver into the hands of an enemy by treachery or fraud, in violation of trust; to give up treacherously or faithlessly; as, a senator *mahoned* his state.

2. To violate the confidence of, by disclosing a secret, or that which was intrusted; to injure by treachery.

How, would thou again *mahone* me?

3. To disclose or discover, as something intended to be kept secret, or which prudence would conceal.

Be swift to hear, but cautious of your tongue, lest you *mahone* your ignorance.

4. To mislead, or expose to inconvenience not foreseen.

Genius.... often *mahones* itself into great errors of judgment.

5. To show or to indicate;—said of what is not obvious at first view, or would otherwise be concealed.

This *mahone* its original in its name.

6. To fail in respect to reliance to be placed in or upon, as, But when I rise, I shall find my legs *mahoming* me. —[Brickbridge News.]

The day of Senator Mahone's vote on the organization of the Senate, a Democratic Senator, not as bitter as Ben Hill, brought over the little Virginian to present him to his wife, but Madame merely glared at him stonily and ignored his existence, much to her husband's chagrin and mortification. "What made you so unpardonably rude?" asked the spouse in an after colloquy. "Do you suppose I would recognize such a Benedict Arnold?" was the fierce reply. "I wanted to spit on him!" —[Cincinnati Gazette.]

A simple experiment appears to prove that we are right or left-handed, according as we are right or left-handed. As you sit in your chair, point to any object across the room with both eyes open, and no attempt at "sighting." Close the left eye and you will find you are still pointing accurately at the object; but close the right eye and you will discover with the left you are pointing to the right of the object, provided you are right-handed. The result is the same whether the finger of the right or left hand be used in pointing.

Who says there are no clairvoyant intuitions in dreams? A young lady in Dubuque, Ia., saw, several years ago, in the watches of the night, the face of the stranger whom she was one day to marry. She waited patiently,

# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 1, 1881

W. P. WALTON, Editor

ANOTHER of those trials which brings contempt alike upon the law as well as the community in which it occurs, has just ended in San Francisco. Kallock, the cowardly son of a father, who had for revenge published a lot of infamous scandal on the mother of De Young, a journalist, for which the latter would and probably should have killed him but for chance, has been acquitted for the murder of De Young, whom he killed in cold blood in the latter's own office. The ground of acquittal was the temporary mental aberration of the accused, or something of the sort, to arrive at which verdict the jury must have purposed itself. It is useless for us, who have almost grown accustomed to such disgraceful verdicts, to say much about this case. They are of so frequent occurrence here in Kentucky that we do not have to go to the far off golden coast for a text on the worthlessness of the average jury or the injustice of the laws governing their selection. Tis pity and pity tis, 'tis true, that the law does not contemplate the empanelling of the best or the more educated men. A man who reads or shows a disposition to obey the law himself and see that they are strictly enforced against those who break them, stands about one chance in a dozen to be taken on a jury. The defense, of course, does not wish such men, and with its twenty challenges, the nature of the questions asked, can, in almost every instance, with the aid of the astute lawyer, pick its men upon whom it can rely either for a hung jury or an acquittal. The next Legislature should by all means change the jury laws. As they stand at present a criminal has all the advantages. In fact, if it had so designed, they could not have been more in favor of a law-breaker and against the law-abiding class than they are. Another thing that militates against the conviction of murderers is the loose state of public opinion in regard to the offense, and the silly and contemptible hero-worship that is often given to the one who maliciously takes the life of his fellow-being. He is paraded as a brave man, when the fact is, in nearly every case, he is a craven coward at heart, who would not have committed the deed had his victim had half a showing or if he hadn't, according to the saying goes, "Got the drop on him." We need, in the first place, a public sentiment that abhors murder and despises the murderer, and then the laws so altered or amended that the intelligent or law-loving class can deal out justice instead of having that important business butchered by ignorant, and in many cases, designing men. We want the damaging charge, but alas, too true a one, that no man can be convicted in Kentucky who has money or friends to back him, bioted from the opinion of men by a few legal hangings, which will show to the world that though she bears the unenviable title of the dark and bloody ground, this proud old State has at last awakened to the importance of requiring a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life.

A. J. BREEDLOVE, formerly a newspaper publisher at Russellville, Ky., will hardly ever kiss and tell again. In a libel suit he testified that he knew from personal knowledge that Miss Mary Lee Hendrickson had not guarded as jealously as she ought that most precious of woman's jewels—virtue. This enraged the lady in question, and she showed her displeasure by firing a pistol at the unprincipled fellow, which, unfortunately, did no further damage than the taking off of a coat button. Finding that she was rather a poor shot, however, she went for him with the weapon, knocked him down and stamped him to the ground with her pretty little foot. Breedlove should emigrate, if he would pursue the life of a ron. His occupation is gone in his present locality, for he can breed no more love there. N. B.—We have applied for a copyright for this last sentence, and warn the fraternity against an infringement.

CONKLING is waltzing around on his auricular because Garfield has nominated Robertson, an enemy of his, to Collector of the Port of New York, and threatens, if it is not withdrawn, that he will sit down on him (Garfield) worse than he did on Hayes. It will be interesting to note whether our President is made of stern enough stuff to defy the crested Jay Hawk or not.

HON. W. C. CLARK, of McCracken county, is grooming himself to make the Gubernatorial race on the total abstinence, prohibition platform. Poor fellow! his cause is good, but he will get but few votes and have mighty little fun.

BROTHER MURRAY, of the Nelson Record, is making his wife useful as well as ornamental. He has added a Ladies' Department to his paper with Mrs. Maude Cook Murray as editor, and she is making an interesting feature of it.

KNOWING the prejudice that exists among the masses against railroad corporations, and perhaps with a design of so ingratiating himself into the good will of those masses as to give him another boost for office, Mr. James Blackburn, who is by the grace of his brother, the Governor, Secretary of State, uttered some silly ideas before the Anti-Railroad Convention at Lexington. He believed, or professed to believe, that a State had a right to repeal the charter of any railroad in its limits, and that the Legislature should revise, alter or amend any charter of any corporation in the State at will. This very doctrine that a State can violate her contracts with impunity, is the leading thought of those who would wreck the reputation of their State by advocating and voting for the repudiation of its honest debts, and we opine that Mr. Blackburn was in the same condition that he was at the State Convention last year, when he was hooted down by that body, at the time he gave utterance to such views.

The Danville Advocate copies a paragraph concerning us from the Courier-Journal, and says that it is but one thing we can do—"set 'em up" for that irrepressible young man, and call it square." "Set 'em up" indeed! It will be the most emphatic set-down he ever got the day we lay eyes on him. Even as we write, the irrepressible youngster would be sleeping in the silent tomb but for the following, received from him the day of the publication:

MY DEAR P.—I'm not the Religious Editor of the Courier-Journal; leave Pink Cottage theology to other members of the staff, but I think it will be well to tell you that you needn't come hunting me—no more need cousin Tom for I'm off for Omaha. Religiously Yours, E. G. L.

#### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—There are 10 Chinese, 50 Indians and 271 negroes in Kentucky.

—The excess of males in the United States in a total number of fifty millions, 888,298.

—The Kentucky Physicians will hold their 26th annual session at Covington, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

—The tobacco craze is very prevalent in Woodford, and good lands for its cultivation command \$20 per acre rent.

—Tom Sewell, for killing Thos. Dunbar, in 1878, has just been convicted in Madison and given twelve years in the penitentiary.

—John O'Farrell, Senator of France and grandson of General Lafayette, is dead. He was to have attended the York town celebration.

—Senator Sharon received no pay during the extra session commencing March 18, 1879, and ending July 1 of that year. Sharon was not present during the entire session.

—J. B. T. Davies, a well-known lawyer of Harrodsburg, committed suicide Monday by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. Bad health and financial troubles are assigned as the reasons for the terrible act.

—Miss Hallie Deed, residing in Sioux City, Iowa, died the thirty-fourth day of her fast Wednesday night. She had voluntarily remained silent for three years, and converses only by signs. A singular woman surely.

—The aggregate cost of construction of the Cincinnati Southern railroad was \$66,834,809.30, owing to maintenance up to date, \$1,600,000.

—The cost of the right of way was \$651,228.50 of which Kentucky received the modest sum of \$486,836.40; Tennessee, \$81,751.17; Ohio, \$117,103.13; miscellaneous, \$105,637.89.

—The East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia & Knoxville and Ohio railroads Companies, advertise for bids until April 18th for the construction of a road bed on the dividing line of the road from Carterville to the Kentucky State line. The distance is twenty-seven (27) miles, crossing the entire range of the Cumberland mountains, presenting a large amount of work inviting to contractors.

—In an examining trial at Mitchellburg, this county, on Monday last, Jim Shumaker, charged with barn-burning, was held to answer at next term of barn-burning Court on a \$200 bond.

—An old colored woman, formerly belonging to the Major Meyer family, was burned to death on last Monday morning. When found her clothing was burned off, and her body burned to a crisp.

—Gabe Boone has returned to Danville after a lengthy sojourn down in the circuit, playing with the "monks".

—Dr. Todd Nichols in the Clerk's office.....Mr. Al. Stewart, of Oscoda, Mo., is visiting his brother, R. C. Stewart, in this county.....John Quisenberry has returned from a lengthy trip West.

—J. W. Heber and Mrs. Eliza Lee were married in Danville at the Clemens House on Friday last, by Dr. Yerkes. Mr. Heber has lately moved to this community from Texas, having purchased the Messick farm....A license was issued on the 28th to L. D. Jennings and Miss Maggie Hughes, and on 31st to Logan Mare and Apalonia Phillips.

—DEATHS.—The young wife of Walker Frey, formerly of Danville, now of Sedalia, Mo., died at the latter place last Tuesday.....Pat Powers, aged about forty-five, a former gate-keeper on the Danville and Hustonville turnpike, died at the home of James Liston, in this county, on Monday, 28th. His remains were interred in the Lexington cemetery.

#### CASEY COUNTY.

—Liberty.

—T. Carpenter and William Mounce, of Lincoln, bought forty good cattle in Columbia last week.

—The meeting of the convention to select a candidate for the Legislature was postponed until the 4th Monday in April. There are several other candidates in prospect.

—Two of our best citizens had a difficulty the other day on Brush Creek over a horse-rack. Nobody hurt and nobody whipped, as they both claim the victory.

—Prof. Waters' school at Middleburg is improving. Miss Alice Jones, an accomplished young lady of Lincoln, has been employed to take charge of the music department, and entered upon her duties last Monday morning.

—Mr. A. R. Clark, our candidate for the Senate, will address the people of Lincoln at 1 o'clock, in the courthouse at Stanford, on Monday (Court day) the 4th of April. Let everybody turn out to hear him, as he will undoubtedly be the next Senator from this District. He is well prepared to make the race, and any man who tackles him for the nomination will soon get beat.

—Last Monday was County Court day. The usual crowd was in town. Nobody seemed to have much business, but all were happy and glad they were here. G. W. Sweeney, auctioneer, reports offered the property of G. G. Fair, in Middleburg, for sale, and it was withdrawn for want of bidders. He sold a tract of fifty acres of Knob land to the National Bank of Stanwood for \$50 that had been valued at \$200.

—F. C. Whipp has gone on a visit to his grandfather, at Owenton, Ky., etc. Col. Silas Adams was at Stanford on professional business last week....Miss Lucy Pelly returned last Saturday from a visit to friends in Missouri.....Miss Bettie Prewitt, a fine-looking and accomplished young lady from the Rolling Fork, was the guest of Miss Laura Coffey last week. Rumor has it that she shall have it.

—D. W. JONES, President.

#### GARRARD COUNTY.

##### Lancaster.

—Many of our farmers are trying soil as a fertilizer.

—The Sudduth & Spratt livery stable was sold Monday, County Court day, to W. S. Miller for \$2,100.

—Monday was County Court day, but a very small crowd in town. A few yokes of cattle on the market, but I can bear of no sales.

—The interest in the Barnes meeting is on the increase, if any change. So far there have been about three hundred confessions. This include children and backsliders.

—Mrs. M. J. Lavess died suddenly near Lancaster, March 28th. It is thought from heart disease.....The remains of Chas. W. Fribis were buried here March 26th. Funeral services were held at the residence of Dr. Price by Rev. George O. Barnes.

—That "Lunatic" Barnes preached to the largest audience last Sunday ever assembled in the Court-house. The crowd was estimated at eight hundred. At night it was very little less.

—Mrs. Emily Paris, of Illinois, is visiting her son, S. W. Paris.....Mrs. Delta Woods, Hustonville, is visiting the family of her father, Mr. S. E. Higgins.

—Deputy Sheriff Will Arnold was here yesterday, serving subpoenas on several to appear as witnesses in the case of the Commonwealth against D. C. Curtis, with several cases in regard to local option; it is claimed, however, that none of the boys have gone fishing.

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—There is a "business breeze" all along the line. It can hardly be called a "boom," but it is refreshing. Big sales of land and timber are made every day. The merchants are busy, and Spring stocks are heavier than usual. It is only litigation that is inactive. The lawyers sit with hands in pocket, watching the briskness of other people. But so long as they have any pockets to put their hands in, the lawyers are not at all uncomfortable.

—There was a considerable gathering of the Democracy at the Court-House last Monday afternoon. The object of the meeting was to fill some vacancies in the Executive Committee, which was soon accomplished, and the names of the Committee are given elsewhere. After the routine business had been transacted, Judge Mc-

Clure offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted, and then the meeting adjourned:

—Resolved, That according to rotation, it is due that Rockcastle county should furnish the Democratic candidate for the State Senate of the 29th District, at the August election, 1881, and we trust that the people of Rockcastle will do their duty.

—Circuit Court is going on at Richmond, with several cases in regard to local option; it is claimed, however, that none of the boys have gone fishing.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 1, 1881

## L. & N. TIME CARD.

Passenger Train to Louisville.....12:45 p.m.  
Passenger Train to Richmond & L.V. 1:15 p.m.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

FISHING TACKLE McRoberts & Stagg's  
Sized Irish Potatoes at Owsley & Higgins'.

LAKE SHORE Seed Irish Potatoes, of all  
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For that Cough use White Pine Syrup,  
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We HAVE a speedy and positive Cure for  
Catarrh, Diphtheria, Cancer mouth and Head  
Aches, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy  
A nasal Injector free with each bottle  
Use it if you desire health and sweet  
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Richmond, Ky., practical tuner and repairer  
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Garrison and Madison counties. Leave your  
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DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—  
It is not worth the small price of 75 cents  
to free yourself of every symptom of these  
disease complaints. If you think you will  
call at our store and a sample of Shiloh's  
Vitelline, every bottle has a printed gua-  
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OH, WHAT A COUGH!—Will you heed  
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Greensburg, N. C., bringing his sister, Miss Bettie  
Carpenter, whose severe illness had called him to  
her bedside. She is now feeling well, and is  
thoroughly improved.

—Miss BETIE BRADLEY is a teacher in a  
College there she was winning the highest prizes  
and those who appreciate true talent can  
afford to miss the present opportunity

of seeing a worthy a Kentucky lady.

THE ELIMAX of the longest and hardest  
Winter experienced for years was reached on  
Tuesday last, when a snow storm set in  
and raged for two days and nights. Had  
all the snow that fell remained on the ground, it is estimated that it would have  
been ten feet deep, but it melted so fast  
that four inches was as deep as it ever was  
at one time. Yesterday it cleared off, and  
we reiterate the hope once more that the  
amorous old rascal, Winter, has relinquished  
his seat in the lap of rosy voluptuous  
Spring.

—DIVORCE.—A decree of divorce was  
granted this week to Willie Cain from her  
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J. W. Smith, Kirkville; James Spiers, Franklin; Ill; James Robinson, Engleman's Mill;  
E. B. Hayden, London; A. C. Robinson, Gilbert's  
Creek; Miss Belle Terrell, Warren, Mo.; James  
F. Beale, M. G. Moore, W. E. Lick; M. Stewart,  
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HAMES, Collars, Trace Chains, etc., at  
Mattingly & Son's.

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WANTED.—To borrow \$1,000. Will pay  
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per came out she had it returned to her,  
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exerted itself in the case.

THE Richmond Herald speaks of Stan-  
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here, young man, we have tendered the  
olive branch of peace to you, but we warn  
you again of speaking of our city in that  
way. We will load up our stomach with  
the bill of fare you made out for us and  
smash it, wipe you off the face of the  
earth, make you a demotion mould body—  
anything and everything, if you are guilty  
of such a remark again. Verbum sat sap.

THE Champion Plow, the best in the  
market, at J. R. Warren & Son's.

LAUREL COUNTY Smoking Tobacco, at  
40 cents per pound, at B. Mattingly &  
Son's.

Mrs. R. H. WEAREN will add to his  
stock a nice lot of Picture Frame, Mountings,  
etc.

MUCH obliged, Lucile. If we fail, hold  
ourselves in readiness. The question must  
be settled.

SOME one borrowed from me during last  
Winter a Buffalo Bobe. Any one having  
it in his possession will confer a favor by  
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FOX-KINDER.—Mr. David B. Fox  
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SMITH DOLLINS.—On Wednesday Mr.  
Marin Smith and Miss Celis A. Dilling  
were united till death or divorce.

DEATHS.

BURTON.—Col. R. G. Burton, of Har-  
roldsburg, a prominent man in politics in  
this city, died a few days ago.

MONTGOMERY.—After a protracted ill-  
ness, caused by a complication of diseases,  
little Mary Ann, infant daughter of Mr.  
Montgomery, died Wednesday  
morning, and was buried in Engleman  
cemetery yesterday. "Of such is the Kingdom  
of Heaven."

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